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Bach's Passion Music.

[From the German of C. H. BITTER.]

Bach, according to the statements of Mizler and Forkel, wrote five *Passions-Musiken* so-called.

These probably stood in connection with those five full-year courses of Church Music, which Mizler mentions in his catalogue of works left behind him by the great composer.

Of those five Passions two only have come down to us: 1. "The St. John Passion," and 2. "The Passion according to the Gospel of Saint Matthew."

A third *Passions-Oratorium*, according to the Gospel of St. Luke, of which a copy written in Bach's own hand exists in Munich, and a transcript at Berlin, the latter bearing the mark "di J. S. Bach in Leipzig," is open to most reasonable doubts regarding its authenticity. . . .

I. THE PASSION ACCORDING TO ST. JOHN.

This is probably the older of the two. But the date of its composition cannot be positively ascertained. We only know that Bach submitted this work to repeated revision, and that he set out to work it over again after the completion of the Matthew Passion, which was performed in 1729.

The poem seems to have sprung essentially from himself, at least to have been prepared after his express designs. It leans upon the text to the Passion-Musics, which Brocke had written in Hamburg, which had been composed by Handel, Telemann, Keiser and Mattheson, and to which Bach was no stranger, since he had himself copied off the score of Handel's composition. But this text did not reproduce the Gospel simply, but translated into (partly) very wretched verses.

The epic tone of St. John's Gospel, and the mystical element in this apostle's conception of Christianity, conspicuous also in the text to Bach's composition, may have been the occasion of Bach's following, in the putting together of the work, a more dogmatic philosophical direction, than was the case later in the Matthew-Passion, which passes more into the sphere of immediate life and moves in a more lyrical mood.

On the whole, the poetic structure of the St. John Passion is very simple.

The 18th and 19th chapters of the Evangelist, beginning with the arrest of Jesus, form the groundwork. Numerous Chorales, two Choruses (for the introduction and conclusion), and eight Airs for single voices, with various in part very abstract reflections on the sufferings of the Lord, are interpolated amid the Bible words. In the narrative of Peter's denial the composer has supplied from other Gospels what is wanting in St. John: "And he went out and wept bitterly." So too, for greater completeness, he has included the words near the end of the 27th chapter of St. Matthew: "And behold! the veil of the temple was rent," &c.

The ideal Christian Church, which takes so prominent a part in the action in the Matthew-

Passion, we do not find here characterized as such. The great drama, which depicts the end of the Lord and Saviour, passes before us in essentially the simple form which the Evangelist has given it. It is simply the Gospel, which it is the object of this Church music to announce to us.

But the great master, who wrote his sacred works from the point of view of a believing, pious Christian heart, may well have considered, that on the one hand the long drawn Gospel recitatives might have a wearisome effect on the listening congregation, while on the other hand the occasional Choruses and Arias, with all the splendor of instrumental effect and the declamation of the singers, might easily give to the Church music too much of a concert character. To avoid monotony, the connected musical pieces between the recitatives were necessary. But at the same time, to secure the church-like character of the work, and to bring the entire music belonging to the liturgical part of the service of that time nearer to the congregation present, he made use of the Chorales. The listening congregation was also to have an opportunity to join in the song. Unfortunately we have no information as to how far this purpose of the composer was carried out in practice. When we read in the work of Rochlitz "*Für Freunde der Tonkunst*" (Vol. 4, page 448), that Bach's way of treating the Passion found a living participation in the congregation, so that the performance of such an Oratorio always became really an edifying Art Feast for the town, we may take it for granted as certain, that he reached this end especially through the coöperation of the Choral song.

This semi-dramatic way of treating a religious subject was no invention of Bach's own. Apart from the fact that such performances were known in the churches of Italy, from the very first beginning of the Opera, and were even presented in costume (for example the religious drama, "*L'anima e corpo*," by Emilio del Cavaliere, performed in the year 1600 in the Church della Valicella at Rome); apart too from the Passion processions and Passion plays, which were introduced in many parts of Germany at a very early period, and which are still customary in certain places, showing the old traditional tendency to dramatize the sufferings of the Lord at Easter time,—various attempts had been made by Bach himself to bring the Passion vividly before us in this half dramatic manner through the aid of song. There the acting persons, the choruses, and the ideal church or congregation were treated in a matter altogether like that which we find in Bach, and even the employment of the chorale had found its place in precisely the same way as with him. The Passion-musics, like the church Cantatas, formed a part of the liturgy of the Lutheran divine service. On Good Friday, even in the smallest church, the history of the Passion of Christ was represented musico-dramatically, or oratorically, according to the means at hand.

In Leipzig the performance, at the time of Bach, alternated between the St. Thomas and the St. Nicolai church, which does not seem to have been the case before. Moreover these performances were made known to the public by printed announcements.

Bach had found the general form of this great Art work, essentially, ready to his hands. To him it was reserved to ennoble it, to develop it to the highest perfection. * * * *

The division of the work into two parts indicates that it was designed to be performed one part before, one after the preaching on Good Friday.

The Gospel narrative itself is treated in a simple Recitative form and assigned to the Tenor. The persons there introduced as speaking (Christ, Peter, Pilate, his maid, the servants of the High Priest) are placed directly in the action. So too we find the choruses of the Jews and Priests, as they occur in the Gospel, dramatized in characteristic manner. In all these respects there is a certain corresponding treatment between this work and the Matthew-Passion. But here all is simpler, more easily comprehended. Neither in length of time nor in the general intentions of the whole are certain limits of organic form exceeded.

This shows itself not merely in the arrangement of the poem, but also in its musical treatment. We know of comparative estimates of the two works, in which the simpler character of the St. John-Passion and the richer moulding of the music to the St. Matthew are set in contrast on the ground of the internal characteristics of the two Evangelists. To declare such a supposition unconditionally wrong in a man like Bach, would certainly be very bold.

Yet it can hardly be assumed that the great outward difference between the two works is to be ascribed to this inward difference of character. Eminent as Bach's gift of conception and power of presentation were, he had not, we may well believe, when he wrote the St. John Passion, yet attained to the height, to the great combination of all the means, by which he could excite our admiration, nay astonishment in the later, so much greater work. But this anticipatory judgment is not meant to take from the just appreciation of the work now before us.

It begins with a chorus executed in grand style.

a. THE INTRODUCTORY CHORUS.

This chorus, founded on the words of the Psalmist; "Lord, our God, whose glory is in all the lands, show us by thy Passion," etc., forms an introduction of a general, religious, Christian purport. It is the prayer for a true faith, which would fain be strengthened and confirmed by a realization of the sufferings of the Lord.

In its place stood formerly the Chorale: "O man, bewail thy sins so great." Bach, in his last revision of the work, has taken this away from here, and transferred it to the close of the first part of the Matthew-Passion, where it produces

such a sublime effect. In its place we have the present chorus.

In it, besides that perfect contrapuntal and harmonic treatment, such as always flows from Bach's pen, that intrinsic worth which becomes the serious grandeur of the solemnity, we also find the fine traits of symbolical meaning not despised, by which the great master thought to make the beginning of the history of the Lord's suffering present to our minds.

Above the bass moving in short connected notes upon an organ point, and the orchestra of stringed instruments preparing in an earnest figure for the choral song of praise and thanks, rises a mournful melody. Long, sustained tones of flutes and oboes meet above the heaving masses of tone. They begin their mournful song anew with the entrance of the chorus, which, after three brief and strongly marked exclamations of "Lord, Lord," proceeds in a brilliant, but thoroughly earnest figure to extol the majesty of the Lord. Unlimited and infinite, it seems to swell and roar around us, and lift us on the rising flood. The praise of the Lord resounds in strains which mirror the gloomy character of the approaching action. Above them that funereal hymn of flutes and oboes sounds on. Only twice, at the words: "that Thou the true Son of God," do the lamenting instruments take up for a moment the figured movement of the stringed quartet. It is impossible to hear this chorus without deeply feeling in one's inmost soul, how mightily the conflict, the wrestling of the majesty of the Son of God with the sufferings ordained to him, is prepared; how under the superb structure of this hymn of praise the serious tragedy begins, of which the master will bring before our eyes the full development.

As in the orchestra he carries the antitheses through to the very limits of the attainable, so also in the treatment of the chorus we remark traits of individual mastery, such as are only found in Bach. We know that he wrote this chorus after the Matthew-Passion was finished, and after he had transferred to that the chorale originally intended for the introduction to this. The theme of the hymn of praise breaks off after 12 measures, to pass over into another theme fugue-like in its treatment, which repeats itself later in the words: "Show us through Thy Passion."

No one, who knows the two Passions of Bach, will hear this theme without being at once reminded, with all the difference of melody and contrapuntal working, of the "Let Him be crucified" in the Matthew-Passion. Bach certainly has not set these words just so and not otherwise without a definite purpose. As the peculiar structure of the whole work, to which he afterwards prefixed this chorus, did not allow the use of other more extensive means of preparing the hearers in a right earnest, vivid manner for the history of our Lord's sufferings, he was obliged to let the image of the cross appear before the eyes of the multitude at once, beforehand, through the character he lent to this theme. He has taken from the work a masterpiece in withdrawing the Chorale. But in this chorus he has known how to replace it by another masterpiece which surely is its peer.

b. THE RECITATION OF THE GOSPEL.

After the introductory chorus, begins at once the recitation of the Gospel. The recitations through-

out are simple, accompanied only by the organ and the fundamental bass. In the noblest style, declaimed in strict observance of the word sound, its *cantilena* seldom, and only at some marked suggestion of the text, passes into the *arioso* element, and into that sort of musical painting so peculiar to Bach. For example, at the repetition of the words of Jesus: "The cup which my Father hath given me, Shall I not drink it?" So too in the long-drawn mournful melodic phrases of the twice repeated words of Peter: "And wept bitterly;" then at the words of Christ: "Then would my servants fight;" but above all, at the narrative of the Evangelist: "Then Pilate took Jesus and scourged Him," in which Bach gives free play to his pictorial bent in a long drawn figure over the sharply marked bass. The musical rendering of our Lord's words is not distinguished from the rest of the Recitative. It remains all the time in pure, simple Recitative style.

(To be Continued.)

Handel's "Semi-Religious Oratorios."

[From the Orchestra, Nov. 19.]

November and December are the months for the winter campaign in choral music, when Handel and his oratorios are specially in the ascendant. We say "Handel and his oratorios," although after those of the *Messiah* and the *Israel* it would be difficult to point out any other certain of being heard in the course of the season. Handel, for about a quarter of a century, gave unbrokenly twelve grand oratorio performances, year after year, and it was by these and not his operatic speculations that he realized the thousands he bequeathed at his death. That oratorio nights with the Harmonic Society in Exeter Hall have not always proved successful in a pecuniary regard, has arisen from the fact that this honorable society has not followed in the wake of the great composer who established the fashion in this country. The Harmonic Society insists upon giving the whole of the particular oratorio—good, bad and indifferent—and nothing but the oratorio. Handel, on the contrary, gave his oratorios with "additions" and "shortenings," with one, two, and even three concertos on the organ, Italian songs interspersed here and there—opportunities to show off Mme. Cuzzoni (who in those days of comparative economy received £2000 for her annual engagement), Signoras Francesca, Frazzi, Strada, Faustina, and his many other great stars in the dramatic sphere. Nor was he at all particular in what he called an oratorio. Hercules in some of his odd labors figured with him as a character sufficiently obedient to the gods to be classed as the heroic-religious personage worthy of being admitted with the old biblical heroes into the mystic circle; and even Semele, who jilted Athamas, her betrothed, for the more mighty Jove, and disappeared in a cloud of smoke for her vanity and impudence, was cast "after the manner of an oratorio." The Harmonic Society occasionally patronize *Samson* and *Solomon*, *Judas* and *Joshua*, but steadfastly decline to meddle with either *Semele* or *Hercules*. Upon the same principle it sets on one side the ever-living ode of John Dryden—the *Alexander's Feast*, and the not less entertaining, although more lowly and simple, *Acis and Galatea* of John Gay. Until all the professedly religious oratorios of Handel have been made familiar to the music loving public, perhaps it may be thought unnecessary for the society to relax the strict rule in this regard—that of eschewing the mythologies. Still an exception might be made for the wonderful oratorio or serenata of *Semele*, because so great and so short, and requiring so little of "shortening," and possibly nothing in the way of addition. The tale of *Semele* points a moral, and the *Formosa* of Thebes in the hands of Handel can be listened to with profit and never without interest. *Semele* is about to be married to Prince Athamas, and the drama commences with an august wedding ceremonial.

Cadmus, her father, King of Thebes, consults the priests, and the priests consult the oracle; but Jupiter, who has seen the young beauty, and decided upon quite another thing than that of marriage with her betrothed, directs the oracle to portend the direst mischief from the alliance, compels the king to change his mind, and put an end to the ceremony. Meanwhile the autocrat of Olympus has prepared a sweet little spot of his own for the reception of the young lady, and has her supernaturally conveyed into the lone paradise. He prefers his suit, and Athamas is forgotten; the god is too strong for frail mortality; Semele has everything she can desire; curiosity cannot suggest more than that which surrounds her. But Jupiter has a wife, who has not been unobservant of these doings, and assuming the shape of Semele's sister, the innocent Ino, goes to the sequestered bower, and talks over the event with the unsuspecting happy one. Semele is induced to request the mighty Jove to appear in all his true majesty, and no words of remonstrance on his part can lead her to forego the request. He does so, and the poor girl is burnt to a cinder. The moral is plain; young ladies must not resign their solemn engagements for pretty bowers, sweet isles, and the soft speeches of middle-aged gentlemen. The theme tickled Handel much; it fell in with his own heart; for he had, it is said, been treated in much the same fashion when about the age of Athamas. The scenes are all drawn out with a most masterly hand; the choral effects superb; the recitatives, grand; the supernatural portrayed in his best way, and the songs in his finest style, some indeed, not to be surpassed. The serenata of *Acis and Galatea*, noble and varied as it is, and inimitable in its own way, is not so large or so highly wrought as the *Semele*. Handel was in his fifty-eighth year when he penned the latter, and age had not touched his imaginative power, but long experience had given him a terseness and condensation of expression not to be found in the earlier serenata. There are no unmeaning recitatives, and the chief portion of the declaimed dialogue is beyond measure fine.

Handel of course lengthened its performance by his organ concerto playing, which he introduced here and there in all his oratorios without reference to the action of his drama. In these days the Handel concerto for the organ in such situations will not do. The enormous orchestra, so bright, brilliant, massive, and contrasted, would deaden the ear to anything that could be heard from the organ, which at best is but a miserable imitation of the orchestra. There is, however, an inexhaustible mine of orchestral music to be found in the overtures to Handel's operas; and many a sleepy point in the Handelian drama might be enlivened by the interpolation of one of these short and energetic symphonies. The practice would only be an adaptation of the Handelian principle—please the audience at all risks. He relieved his hearers in the *Israel* with his best Italian sopranos in some of his best Italian arias; and on one occasion, when the organ had become somewhat too familiar, introduced the violin concerto played by the Paganini of his day. We may be sure that Handel—if now living—would only live for one thing—to fill Exeter Hall: and fill it he would by cutting and clipping, adding and contrasting, playing himself, and getting others to play, drafting in Italian vocalists with English, in short attempting everything until he had accomplished his purpose. We now hear so little of Handel's semi-religious oratorios, because it is insisted that the audience shall listen to them just as the composer left them. Handel never left them alone; he was ever changing, and trying after new points and new effects. Imagine him the present director of his great choral works, and the knife would ever be in his hand, the red pencil ready between his lips. He well knew that although the public liked grand choruses, they liked much better great singers in grand songs. He paid one of his tenor vocalists as much as £4000 for the season, and high prices for high singers was no novelty in his time. The songs remain, although both composer and vocalist have departed. Why not make use of them?

Why not excise the dragging, unmeaning, and useless declamation, the silly by-play, the nothing but old-fashioned passage, the weak chorus, and insert, as the composer did, the song and chorus and instrumental piece that never tire. "See the conquering hero comes" was not written for the *Judas*, nor the "Dead March" for the *Saul*. Both are translations from other oratorios; and that which Handel thought good to do cannot be reprehensible as a principle. *Samson* and *Solomon* tire, not from the great points lying in these works, but from the utterly faded character of scenes altogether without interest, and quite unconnected with the real story. No one wants them, no one could miss them. The musician dislikes them, the amateur runs away from them. Why offend both from the wish to preserve a rule Handel himself never recognized? Why destroy the chance of success, and keep back the unknown and priceless jewels of the author by playing and singing what he himself would tear up and put into the fire? When are we to hear the *Belshazzar* or the *Athaliah*, if this law is to be kept? What is to become of the *Theodora* and the *Susanna*, the *Joseph* and the *Alexander Balus*? The *Athaliah*—written for Oxford and Oxford Dons—is a marvellously fresh work even as it stands; it brought him a heap of money at Oxford, which he took, and the offer of a Doctor's degree, which he would not take. But grand and pleasing as is this oratorio, it cannot stand alongside of the *Susanna* or the *Theodora* in high tragic interest, nor in closeness of thought and expression. Handel was a much stronger man in 1748 than he was in 1733. Three score years had told off their summers, and his bright brown hair had turned to silver; but his power of original conception, his inspired grasp of the situation, remained with him, and his modes of using all that mind and feeling taught him had culminated to the utmost pitch of perfection.

If Handel could give twelve oratorio performances annually for a full quarter of a century, it is not too much to imagine the same thing could be done now with the music he has left, and with a certainty of pecuniary success provided his rule be adopted of relieving the drama of what does not tell, by shortenings, by additions, by songs by great vocalists, instrumental movements by a fine band, and, if necessary, the solo by the last new foreigner. Where there was one listening amateur in Handel's day there are now a hundred—nay, five hundred; and the great things of the composer are now so grandly given that their effects are felt on all sides. He only requires the same chances he seized upon for himself to keep his position as the greatest oratorio composer the world has ever seen.

Ruth.

[From the "Pall Mall Gazette," Nov. 18.]

The "Sacred Pastoral" heard in Exeter Hall last night was produced at the Herford Festival of 1867, and condemned with unanimity. Herr Goldschmidt, the composer, moved perhaps by the force of criticism, thereupon amended his work and took it to Hamburg, in which place, and by a select audience, it was received with favor. *Ruth* might have made a triumphal progress through the German towns (being in accordance with the present foggy state of German music), but Herr Goldschmidt seems to have hankered after homage from the British Mordecai. Hence the performance of last night.

It is due to Herr Goldschmidt to say something about the revised *Ruth*; as, however, general observations will meet the circumstances of the case, we shall avoid criticism in detail. The libretto calls for but one remark, which is, that it tells the story in an extremely matter-of-fact way. Every one must admit the Biblical narrative to be made charming and life-like by the minuteness of its particulars. But, for musical purposes, the minuteness stands in the way. In treating such a story the composer cannot venture upon pre-Raphaelite detail without an inartistic result. It is well enough to read of all that took place in the harvest-field, or at the gate of Bethlehem; but in *Ruth* these particulars have an effect which may compare for tediousness with the recitatives supplied to Handel by Dr. Morell. An Oratorio, however dramatic, is not a drama, and, having no action, requires no filling in, that action may run smoothly. Failing to see this, Herr Goldschmidt

has encumbered his libretto with narrative, which appears to have given him some trouble, and is by no means handled successfully. There are a few examples in *Ruth* of the form of recitative which served the purpose of Handel and Mendelssohn; but Herr Goldschmidt has used most the elaborately accompanied declamation of the "advanced school." Undoubtedly, this system of employing the orchestra to enforce the meaning of every sentence is capable of great effects—witness the accompanied dialogue of Mendelssohn's *Antigone*, *Edipus*, *Athalie*, &c.—but the judgment and skill of a master are required to produce them. In our opinion Herr Goldschmidt has signally failed. As an example of the way in which his recitatives are made, take the long series headed, "In the house of Naomi:"—introduction eleven bars; voice, one bar; interlude, four bars; voice, two bars; interlude, eight bars; and so on. When to this we add that Herr Goldschmidt's orchestral episodes are neither apposite nor interesting, it will be understood what weariness the recitatives of *Ruth* bring with them. It very often happens that the real weakness of a composer is his fancied strength, and Herr Goldschmidt seems to be a case in point. He so evidently prides himself on his mastery of the orchestra, that we wonder *Ruth* did not appear as an oratorio without words. Wherever possible, and often where it would have struck any one else as impossible, the composer has put in an orchestral episode; so that the story, instead of marching steadily on, halts every few minutes while Herr Goldschmidt plays an inappropriate tune. This, in conjunction with the treatment of his recitatives, forms the most remarkable feature of the composer's work. But there are other remarkable features upon which it gives us no greater pleasure to dwell. Herr Goldschmidt, for example, has paid little regard to form in laying out his movements. We can hardly point to a single number in which there is an attempt at symmetrical development. The composer probably reckons this a merit, as showing an accordance with modern ideas regarding the musical treatment of narrative. But till the canons of art established or sanctioned by great masters have been authoritatively set aside, Herr Goldschmidt must be judged by them. We need not, however, insist upon this point. It is enough to observe the incessant changes of theme, time, and key; and to feel the restlessness they induce. Were there no canons of art to violate, censure would follow in this case as an inevitable thing. We might speak of other matters kindred to the foregoing, because arising out of the same fundamental notions; but enough has been said to show that *Ruth* cannot please those who accept the acknowledged masterpieces of its kind. As already stated, any criticism of the music in detail would be superfluous. The public are not likely to be deceived into loving what is bad in Herr Goldschmidt's handiwork. If poor melody, doubtful counterpoint, and unpleasing progressions be found there—and they are—it must be said that these things honestly exhibit their colors. If it be asked,—are there any merits in *Ruth* to set against these defects?—we answer, Undoubtedly; but they cannot be generalized; and, if catalogued, it would be necessary to make out also a list of particulars on the other side, for which we have no space. An Academy student could hardly write an oratorio utterly devoid of beauty. The theory of chances would be against him. *Ruth*, it must be remembered, is the production of a whilom Academy vice-principal.

With reference to the foregoing strictures, we must point out once more the rapid spread of that modern musical heresy which has Herr Wagner for its apostle. The thing crops up everywhere, and is doing infinite mischief—often, perhaps, by unconscious agency. Herr Goldschmidt may repudiate Wagner, but the structure of *Ruth* shows that the Wagnerian theory has influenced him. To that theory we are indebted for Herr Goldschmidt's neglect of form, his exaltation of the orchestra, and his superabundance of vague declamation. It may be that so it we are even indebted for *Ruth* itself. Wagnerism makes easy the apotheosis of inferior composers. They have only to be crude and unintelligible to be gods.

But for the fog, *Ruth* would have had a crowded audience; and not even the dangers of the streets prevented a large gathering—attracted doubtless by the re-appearance of Mme. Goldschmidt. Reappearances are, in many quarters, looked upon unfavorably when the artist has no chance of sustaining the reputation made in earlier days. With this view we are not at all disposed to quarrel; nevertheless, it must be pointed out that those who require an apology for Mme. Goldschmidt's *revenue* can easily obtain satisfaction. As a wife who came forward to do her best on behalf of the artistic reputation of her husband, she enjoys perfect immunity from blame, if she do not deserve something more. Mme. Gold-

schmidt's appearance in the orchestra was hailed with general and hearty applause, which, moreover, attended all her efforts throughout the evening. We desire to speak of the singing of her who was once Jenny Lind in the spirit with which the audience heard it. They recognized and honored a great artist, and the severest critic must admit, with us, that a great artist was plainly manifest. The other soloists were Mme. Patey, Mr. Montem Smith, and Mr. Santley, each of whom, as well as the composer and conductor, came in for a share of the applause so bountifully dispensed at every "first performance." With regard to the success of the work, it must be granted that a large portion of the audience seemed more or less pleased with everything. Certain movements, however, obtained special favor. These were neither Herr Goldschmidt's pretentious choruses, nor his songs, ("Commit thy way," sung by Mme. Patey, excepted), but rather such quiet efforts as the semi-chorus, "Blessed are they that mourn," the duet, "The Lord recompense thy work," and the trio, "The Lord is thy keeper." It was no fault of the audience that these were heard but once. The final air and chorus, "O Lord, I will praise Thee," evoked more than the usual demonstrations; and as far as applause goes, *Ruth* was a success. For all this however, we are not likely to hear it again. Great pains must have been taken with the performance, and Herr Goldschmidt fairly deserves congratulation upon the way he made the chorus—which, with the band, filled the orchestra—sing his sometimes perplexing, often unvoiced music.

Voices.

[From the Saturday Review.]

Far before the eyes or the mouth or the habitual gesture, as a revelation of character, is the quality of the voice and the manner of using it. It is the first thing that strikes us in a new acquaintance, and it is one of the most unerring tests of breeding and education. There are voices which have a certain truthful ring about them—a certain something, unforced and spontaneous, that no training can give. Training can do much in the way of making a voice, but it can never compass more than a bad imitation of this quality; for the very fact of its being an imitation, however accurate, betrays itself like rouge on a woman's cheek, or a wig, or dyed hair. On the other hand, there are voices which have the jar of falsehood in every tone, and that are as full of warning, as the croak of the raven or the hiss of the serpent. There are in general the naturally hard voices, which make themselves caressing, thinking by that to appear sympathetic; but the fundamental quality strikes through the overlay, and a person must be very dull indeed who cannot detect the pretence in that slow, drawing, would-be-affectionate voice, with its harsh undertone and sharp accent whenever it forgets itself. But, without being false or hypocritical, there are voices which puzzle as well as disappoint us, because so entirely inharmonious with the appearance of the speaker. For instance, there is that thin treble squeak we sometimes hear from the mouth of a well-grown portly man, when we expected the fine rolling utterance which would have been in unison with his outward seeming; and, on the other side of the scale, where we looked for a shrill head voice or a tender musical cadence, we get that hoarse chest voice with which young and pretty girls sometimes startle us. In fact, it is one of the characteristics of the modern girl of a certain type; just as the habitual use of slang is characteristic of her, or that peculiar rounding of the elbows and turning out of the wrists, which are gestures that, like the chest voice, instinctively belong to men only, and have to be learnt and practised by women.

Nothing betrays so much as the voice, save perhaps the eyes, and they can be lowered, and so far the expression hidden. In moments of emotion no skill can hide the fact of disturbed feeling, though a strong will and the habit of self-control can steady the voice when else it would be failing and tremulous. But not the strongest will, nor the largest amount of self-control, can keep it natural as well as steady. It is deadened, veiled, compressed, like a wild creature tightly bound and unnaturally still. One feels that it is done by an effort, and that if the strain were relaxed for a moment the wild creature would burst loose in rage or despair, and the voice would break out into the scream of passion or quiver away into the falter of pathos. And this very effort is as eloquent as if there had been no holding down at all, and the voice had been left to its own impulse unchecked. Again, in fun and humor, is it not the voice that is expressive, even more than the face? The twinkle of the eye, the hollow in the under lip, the dimples about the mouth, the play of the eyebrow, are all aids certainly; but the voice! The mellow tone that comes into the utterance of one

man, the surprised accents of another, the fatuous simplicity of a third, the philosophical acquiescence of a fourth, when relating the most outrageous impossibilities, the voice and manner peculiarly Transatlantic, and indeed one of the Yankee forms of fun—do we not know all these varieties by heart? have we not veteran actors whose main point lies in one or other of these varieties? and what would be the drollest anecdote if told in a voice which had neither play nor significance? Pathos too—who feels it, however beautifully expressed so far as words may go, if uttered in a dead and wooden voice without sympathy? But the poorest attempts at pathos will strike home to the heart if given tenderly and harmoniously. And just as certain popular airs of mean association can be made into church music by slow time and stately modulation, so can dead-level literature be lifted into passion or softened into sentiment by the voice alone.

We all know the effect, irritating or soothing, which certain voices have over us; and we have all experienced that strange impulse of attraction or repulsion which comes from the sound of the voice alone. And generally, if not absolutely always, the impulse is a true one, and any modification which increased knowledge may produce is never quite satisfactory. Certain voices grate on our nerves and set our teeth on edge; and others are just as calming as these are irritating, quieting us like a composing draught, and setting vague images of beauty afloat in our brains. A good voice, calm in tone, and musical in quality, is one of the essentials for a physician; the "bed side voice" which is nothing, if it is not sympathetic by constitution. Not false, not made up, not sickly, but tender in itself, of a rather low pitch, well modulated, and distinctly harmonious in its notes, it is the very opposite of the orator's voice, which is artificial in its management, and a made voice. Whatever its original quality may be, the orator's voice bears the unmistakable stamp of art and becomes artificiality; as such it may be admirable—telling in a crowd, impressive in an address—but overwhelming and chilling at home, partly because it is always conscious and never self-forgetting. An orator's voice, with its careful intonation and accurate accent, would be as much out of place by a sick bed as court trains and brocaded silk for the nurse. There are certain men who do a good deal by a hearty, jovial, fox hunting kind of voice—a voice a little thrown up for all that it is a chest voice—a voice with a certain undefined rollick and devil-may-care sound in it, and eloquent of a large volume of vitality and physical health. That, too, is a good property for a medical man. It gives the sick a certain flip, and reminds them pleasantly of health and vigor; it may have a mesmeric effect upon them—who knows?—and induce in them something of its own state, provided it is not overpowering. But a voice of this kind has a tendency to become insolent in its assertion of vigor; swaggering and boisterous; and then it is too much for invalided nerves, just as mountain winds or sea breezes would be too much, and the scent of flowers or a hayfield oppressive. The clerical voice, again, is a class voice; that neat, careful, precise voice, neither wholly made nor yet quite natural; a voice which never strikes one as hearty or as having a really genuine intonation, but which yet is not unpleasant if one does not require too much spontaneity. The clerical voice with its mixture of familiarity and oratory, as that of one used to talk to old women in private, and to hold forth to a congregation in public, is as distinct in its own way as the mathematician's handwriting; and any one can pick out blindfold his man from a knot of talkers, without waiting to see the square-cut collar and close white tie. The legal voice is different again; but this is rather a variety of the orator's than a distinct species—a variety standing midway between that and the clerical, and affording more scope than either.

The voice is much more indicative of the state of the mind than many people know of or allow. One of the first symptoms of failing brain power is in the indistinct or confused utterance: no idiot has a clear or melodious voice; the harsh scream of mania is proverbial; and no person of prompt and decisive thought was ever known to hesitate or to stutter. A thick, loose, fluffy voice, too, does not belong to the crisp character of mind which does the best active work; and when we meet with a keen-witted man who draws, and lets his words drip instead of bringing them out in the sharp incisive way that would be natural to him, we may be sure there is a flaw somewhere, and that he is not what the Americans call "clear grit" and "whole-souled" all through. We all have our company voices, as we all have our company manners, and we get to know the company voices of our friends after a time, and to understand them as we understand their best dresses and state service. The person whose voice absolutely refuses to

put itself into company tone startles us as much as if he came to a state dinner in a shooting jacket. This is a different thing from the insincere and flattering voice, which is never laid aside while it has its object to gain, and which affects to be one thing when it means another. The company voice is only a little bit of finery, quite in its place if not carried into the home, where, however, silly men and women think they can impose on their house-mates by assumptions which cannot stand the test of domestic ease. The lover's voice is of course *sui generis*; but there is another kind of voice which one hears sometimes that is quite as enchanting—the rich, full, melodious voice which irresistibly suggests sunshine and flowers, and heavy bunches of purple grapes, and a wealth of physical beauty at all four corners. Such a voice as Alboni's: such a voice we can conceive Anacreon's to have been; with less lusciousness and more stateliness, such a voice was Walter Savage Landor's. His was not an English voice; it was too rich and accurate; and yet it was clear and apparently thoroughly unstudied. *Ars celare artem*, perhaps; there was no greater treat of its kind than to hear Landor read Milton or Homer. Though one of the essentials of a good voice is its clearness, there are lisps and catches that are very pretty, though never dignified; but most of them are exceedingly painful to the ear. It is the same with accents. A dash of brogue, the faintest suspicion of the Scotch twang, even a very little American accent—but very little, like red pepper to be sparingly used, as indeed we may say with the others—gives a certain piquancy to the voice. So does a Continental accent generally, few of us being able to distinguish the French accent from the German, the Polish from the Italian, or the Russian from the Spanish, but lumping them all together as "a foreign accent" broadly. Of all the European voices the French is perhaps the most unpleasant, and the Italian the most delightful. The Italian voice is a song in itself, not the sing-song voice of an English parish schoolboy, but an unnoted bit of harmony. The French voice is thin, apt to become wiry and metallic; a head voice for the most part, and eminently unsympathetic; a nervous, irritable voice, that seems more fit for complaint than for love-making; and yet how laughing, how bewitching it can make itself!—never with the Italian roundness, but *edifiant* in its own half pettish way, provoking, enticing, arousing. There are some voices send you to sleep, and others that stir you up; and the French voice is of the latter kind when setting itself to do mischief and work its own will. Of all the differences lying between Calais and Dover, perhaps nothing strikes the traveller more than the difference in the national voice and manner of speech. The sharp, high pitched, strident voice of the French, with its clear accent and neat intonation, is exchanged for the loose, fluffly utterance of England, where clear enunciation is considered pedantic; where brave men cultivate a drawl, and pretty women a deep chest voice; where well-educated people think it no shame to run all their words into each other, and to let consonants and vowels drip out like so many drops of water, with not much more distinction between them; and where no one knows how to educate his organ artistically, without going into artificiality and affectation. And yet the cultivation of the voice is an art, and ought to be made as much a matter of education as a good carriage or a legible handwriting. We teach our children to sing, but we never teach them to speak beyond correcting a glaring piece of mispronunciation or so; in consequence of which we have all sorts of odd voices among us—short yelping voices like dogs, purring voices like cats, croakings, and lisping, and quackings, and chattering; a very menagerie in fact, to be heard in a room ten feet square, where a little rational cultivation would have reduced the whole of that vocal chaos to order and harmony, and made what is now painful and distasteful beautiful and seductive.

Mendelssohn.

BY EDUARD DEVRIENT.*

A complete study of Mendelssohn, a study that would present to us, at one and the same time, the man and the artist, so intimately connected in his person, is something still to be written; we have scarcely begun to store up materials for it.

Among the collection of writings already made there is only one which deserves mention: the correspondence of the composer when on his travels, a correspondence published some years since. But another work to which I attach at least equal value has just appeared. It is a volume entitled *My Reminiscences of Mendelssohn Bartholdy*, by Eduard Devrient.

* From "La France Musicale."

The testimony contained in it is worth preserving. The author, as most people are aware, is descended from a family of dramatic artists who have been the pride of the German stage. Herr Eduard Devrient has fairly done his part to increase the glory of the name he bears; he has been, in succession, a good singer, a good actor, a tolerable dramatic author, and an excellent theatrical critic. In his retirement at Carlsruhe, he devotes the time not taken up by his official duties as manager to writing a *History of the German Stage*. The first three volumes have already appeared.

Herr Devrient's reminiscences go back to Mendelssohn's early boyhood. When Herr Devrient was received into the house of Herr Mendelssohn, senr., the latter's son was only thirteen, and Herr Devrient himself, though already a baritone at the Berlin Opera House, was not more than twenty.

It was, strange to say, the banker's eldest daughter who procured the singer's admission to her father's house. She was attending the course of study at the Academy of Singing, and had formed a friendship there with Herr Devrient's future wife. The intimacy between the two young ladies was the cause of Herr Devrient's being admitted to the parties given by the rich banker, and being invited to the Sunday Musical Matinées, when the precocious compositions of the son of the house were performed.

The boy himself conducted the performance of his works. Seated upon a raised cushion, young Felix was totally absorbed in his task. He governed singers and musicians with an easy, serious, and eager air. At the age of thirteen he had already written three operettas, and was engaged on an opera of greater proportions. The fact of seeing so many older persons ranged under his sceptre, did not, however, excite inordinately his boyish vanity. The sentiment predominating above all others in his breast was the pleasure of writing music, and the desire of acquiring knowledge. Immediately a piece was over, the little conductor always quickly put away the score before receiving the congratulations of his audience.

The father felt the danger to which he was exposing his boy, and took measures to combat the disastrous influence of these premature drawing-room successes. The son of Mendelssohn, the celebrated philosopher, he was himself a sensible man, endowed with a sure judgment and lofty character, and always exercised a salutary influence on the intellectual and moral development of young Felix. But he was not the person who discovered the boy's musical tendencies; it was the mother. From the day they were remarked, nothing was neglected to foster them, and the care of doing so was confided to Zelter, and to Berger—to professors who were masters of their art. When Mendelssohn had essayed his powers in a few compositions of some importance, his father, who shrank from no expense, placed at his disposal an orchestra comprising some of the best artists of the Royal Chapel. He thus furnished the young composer with a valuable opportunity of becoming acquainted with the nature and effect of each instrument and of calculating the harmonic value of his works.

The Musical Matinées, which were not, as might be supposed, devoted exclusively to the music of the son of the house, were attended by those members of the high society of Berlin who prided themselves upon their intellectual superiority. Among them were the celebrated Rachel, the wife of Varnhagen, and Heinrich Heine. If I mention these two names, instead of so many others worthy of being recorded, it is because there is a peculiarity of Mendelssohn's otherwise connected with them. Neither of these two persons of whom he made so much excited any interest in him; he was never attracted by women with literary pretensions, and the used up ways of Heine inspired him with a kind of aversion. One day, when they were talking of Jean Paul, for whom Mendelssohn professed a feeling of admiration very natural at his age, Heine said, in the nonchalant tone he had adopted: "What is Jean Paul? A man who never saw the sea!"

"That is true," replied young Felix, "he had no uncle Solomon to pay his travelling expenses for him."

This was just what Heinrich Heine's uncle had done for him. But if Mendelssohn cared nothing for Heine, all the greater, on the other hand, was the interest he took in Herr Eduard Devrient. There was only the difference of a very few years between the two friends, both of whom stood at the commencement of a career consecrated to art. From a frequent interchange of ideas and sentiments, of aspirations and hopes, there sprang up, very naturally, a desire to make a combined essay in an important work, to try their fortune in the same enterprise. They determined to write an opera together. The project was, however, only partially carried out.

Herr Devrient wrote a libretto—*Hans Heiling*, but did not succeed in pleasing his young colleague. The subject excited no inspiration in Mendelssohn, who found a thousand defects in it; he said that it reminded him too much of *Der Freischütz*, and sinned too much against probability, which, in his mind, was an imperative condition of every work of art. But Herr Devrient's labor was not thrown away. Marschner did not share Mendelssohn's scruples; he seized on the libretto which the young composer had disdained, and composed that *Hans Heiling* which is still a stock opera in Germany.

Herr Devrient was greatly disappointed at the failure of this attempt, for he believed in the dramatic powers of his friend. He strikes me as having been mistaken in this particular, for, during his whole artistic career, Mendelssohn never succeeded in writing anything particularly good in the shape of opera. Of his attempts when he was a very young man, *The Marriage of Camacho* was the only one ever represented in public, and that did not achieve the slightest success. The others, such, for instance, as *The Uncle from Boston*, which is considered the best, were performed nowhere but in his father's drawing room.

Other dramatic authors were not, however, more successful than Herr Devrient. During eighteen years, Mendelssohn, though always on the look-out, refused all the librettos offered him, and the reader may imagine that their number was large. Not one found grace in his eyes, or, at least, could inspire his fancy, which was evidently somewhat rebellious in this respect. And when at last, tired of seeking any longer, he fixed upon Geibel's *Lorelei*, and set to work, death came and snatched him from his labor. But, save for this circumstance, would musical literature have been enriched with an opera by Mendelssohn? The answer is doubtful; it is highly probable, on the contrary, that this essay would not have led to anything more than those which preceded it. "Mendelssohn," said Holtei, himself a libretto writer, "was too clever to be pleased with the subject of an opera."

The relations of the two friends towards each other suffered nothing from the ill-success of their first enterprise, and the cordiality of their intercourse was in no wise diminished; nay, they did not dissolve their artistic partnership. Their second venture succeeded better than their first. They have associated their names with one of the most important musical events of the present century, the revival of Bach's *Passions-musik*, which had fallen into utter oblivion. The performance of this music took place, under Mendelssohn's direction, in the month of March, 1829, which marks a new musical era. Bach's creation was a revelation in the way of sacred music, and it is a curious fact, as Mendelssohn was fond of saying, that the Church should be indebted for it to an actor and a Jew.

Felix was then twenty. Thanks, however, to his taste for bodily exercises, gymnastics, dancing, swimming, and riding he had attained his full physical development. But with unusual muscular vigor, he combined great nervous susceptibility. Anything like lively emotion threw him into transports that excited fears as to his reason. Such fits were followed by a lethargic sleep, which restored his equilibrium thus violently disturbed.

His personal appearance produced a favorable impression, and inspired sympathy at first sight. His features, which bore evidence of his eastern descent, were handsome; his glance especially had an admirable expression in it. There was a great deal of natural timidity about him, and this gave him, in his youth, an embarrassed air, but he lost it after rubbing against the world.

His defects were those of a man who has been an object of adulation from his infancy. Continuous absolute admiration became a necessity of his existence. He was so susceptible in matters of art that he nearly regarded as real enemies all those persons who were in any way reserved with respect to his compositions. He even pushed this feeling so far as to underestimate the real merit of those who had committed no fault but that of being indifferent to his musical powers.*

It was in this same year, 1829, that Mendelssohn made his first trip to England. The young composer, who was also a remarkably fine performer, excited general enthusiasm; musicians he impressed by the precocity of his talent; and men of the world by his fortune, which put him on a level with themselves.

On his return from England, he found Herr Devrient installed in a *Gartenhaus* belonging to his father, and the intimacy of the two friends was still more strengthened in consequence. The following summer Mendelssohn proceeded to Italy, whence he brought back some highly unfavorable musical im-

pressions. On his return to Berlin, he had the mortification of seeing Rungenhagen preferred to himself as director of the Singacademie. Being vexed at this, he went to Düsseldorf, to assist Immerman in his attempt to regenerate the German stage. The attempt did not succeed, and Mendelssohn separated, on very bad terms, from Immerman. I must, however, state that Herr Devrient has the frankness to confess that most of the blame must be laid on Mendelssohn, who, on this occasion as well as on others, appears to have given way to exaggerated susceptibility.

Shortly afterwards, Mendelssohn fixed his quarters at Leipzig, which became the town of his adoption, for he had a horror of Berlin. It was then that he married Mlle. Cecilia Jeanrenaud, of Frankfurt, and that he was placed at the head of the celebrated Gewandhaus Concerts, which, under his guidance, attained an immensely high reputation. On the accession of Friedrich Wilhelm IV. to the throne, that monarch endeavored to get Mendelssohn back to Berlin; and it was resolved to establish a Conservatory of Music, so that he might be appointed the director. The negotiations came to nothing, but they had at least the good effect of bringing about a reconciliation, to which we owe the music of *Antigone*, *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, *Athalie*, and *Edipus Colonus*. The performance of these compositions took Mendelssohn frequently to Berlin, but he could never make up his mind to settle there, despite the urgent solicitations of the King. His aversion for the Prussian capital was such that, when Herr Devrient, who had just been appointed stage-manager at the Theatre Royal, Dresden, asked Mendelssohn's advice as to his accepting the post, Mendelssohn answered—"The only question for consideration is—whether you have boxes and portmanteaus enough to contain your things; if not, I have some I can lend you. My dear Edouard, the first step outside Berlin is the first step to happiness."

Mendelssohn was in England for the second time,* when he received, in 1847, the intelligence of the sudden death of his sister Fanny, a lady distinguished for her refined and superior intellectual powers. Shortly after his return to Leipzig, at the commencement of autumn, Mendelssohn, still suffering from the effects of the loss he had sustained, was attacked with acute neuralgic pains, and violent headaches. This illness carried him off in a few days; he succumbed to it on the 4th November, at the age of thirty-nine. On the occasion of his last visit to Berlin, Fanny reproached him with not having spent her birthday with her for years. As he was bidding her good bye, he said; "You may rely on my being with you on the next birthday."

A special train conveyed the body to Berlin, and it was laid, on the 8th of November, near that of his sister, in the family vault. The 8th of November was the anniversary of Fanny's birth. Mendelssohn had kept his word.

E. SEINGUERLET.

*Say rather the sixth time.—Ed. M. W.

Musical Correspondence.

PARIS, NOV. 22 (From a private letter).—Went yesterday afternoon to the Cirque Napoleon to hear Padeloup's Orchestra. They play almost to perfection; a little feeble in the clarinet and obœ, and decidedly so in the horns, but as nearly perfect as need be in other respects. We had a *Suite* by a certain Marsenet, which was interesting and stupid by turns. Rather inclined to be queer than beautiful. The last movement (*alla marcia*) was especially full of unexpected freaks of instrumentation. The public seemed to like it though. Next came an *Adagio* from one of Mozart's Symphonies. Beautifully played and enthusiastically received. Then came my favorite of favorites, that I never expected to hear out of Boston,—Schumann's *Genoëva* Overture. If the *Leonora* No. 3 is the king, this is certainly the princess of overtures. Padeloup took the Allegro a trifle fast for my taste, and the horns were almost inaudible in the little passage in triplets that keeps recurring throughout the movement; but the orchestra played *con amore*, and the public was rapturous. Then we had Beethoven's Symphony in C major, played to absolute perfection and cheered after every movement. The Andante just escaped an encore, and the Scherzo had to be repeated. I never saw so intelligently attentive an audience. In

the trio of the Scherzo the whole house laughed, as they would at a Warren farce, as that little crescendo run on the violins led back to the regular beat on the reed instruments. It is something when an audience knows when a joke is meant.

The concert finished with the *Tannhäuser* Overture. Not so perfectly played as it might have been. The passage where the clarinet comes in with Venus's enticing theme was fearfully shaky. At the end the audience rose like one man and cheered like mad, and it took all Padeloup's generalship in getting the orchestra off the stage to prevent the whole overture from being *bissée*.

And now I will tell you a true story. When I first went to the opera here, I was struck with the thinness and weakness of the trombones as soon as I heard them. During the entr'acte I noticed that they were the Sax-trombones with cylinders and pistons. I noticed the same weakness in all the operas, but I thought it might be prejudice on my part. Yesterday at the concert I was so placed that I could only see the violins and a few 'celli. When the trombones came in in the Massenet *Suite*, where, by the way, they have a good deal to do, I said to myself I must for once own up to the Sax-trombones. I never heard such splendid tones in my life. Before the next movement the two men who had been standing up in front of me went away, and I saw three trombones up in the orchestra, all on the old slide pattern. The horns and even the trumpets (!) were without valves in all the classical pieces. It is a significant thing that in Paris, the headquarters of Sax instruments, they should be the first to go back to the old horns and trumpets. Nevertheless, I admit that, when horns and trombones are so clumsily written for as in the Italian scores, the valve instruments are preferable.

In the evening I went to the Concert de l'Opera. Orchestra of about a hundred, and chorus of ninety, —Litoff conducting. They played a little better than our H. M. A., but not very well. In the slow movements they leave our orchestra very far behind, but in the allegros they don't seem quite at home. The concert began with the *Freischütz* overture. The opening movement was beautifully played—the allegro regularly butchered. The Hector Berlioz pieces that followed were very interesting. They were three movements from his "Damnation de Faust"—*Menuet des Feux-follets*, *Valse des Sylphes* and *Marche Hongroise*. The *Menuet* is spiritual and taking, rather than beautiful; but the *Valse*, for muted violins, now and then some flutes, reeds and horns, with harp obligato, is a gem. It was enthusiastically *bissée*. The *Marche Hongroise* is maddening (in a good sense). It is one of the most entraining things that I know of in music. We next had a *Suite* for orchestra by Saint-Saëns, conducted by the composer. It is what the newspaper critics call "a thoughtful and musician-like composition" for the legitimate old Moz Haydn orchestra, which had rather a soothing effect after Berlioz, who would make music out of a cart-load of bricks if it came into his head to do so. There are many and great beauties in it, and also much science, the introductory pastorage, in especial, being at times painfully contrapuntal. But the whole had rather the air of a first-rate exercise than a composition for the concert-room. Somehow these modern Frenchmen, when they write anything in the extreme classical and unsensational way, remind me of a passage in Thackeray referring to Pendennis and Blanche Amory: "O! Phyllis and Corydon! Here are two used up London rakes, walking about country lanes, and imagining themselves in love." ("Je change, peut-être, quelque chose au texte, mais c'est le fond des idées.")

We then had an air from Mozart's "Prise de Jericho" (whatever that may be) sung by Mlle. Revoux. Then followed a fragment for chorus, solo, soprano, and orchestra: "L'exorcisme des Djinns" from the

* This statement is simply a falsehood.—Ed. M. W.

"Selam" *Symphonic orientale*, by Reyer, conducted by the composer. Very fine and exciting; well sustained and full of fire. Then came the Beethoven Symphony in A. Pretty well played. The orchestras here don't seem to enter into the spirit of Beethoven's later works. The Allegretto was better given than I have ever heard it. Imagine the whole opera house at each pause in the movement and at each stage in the crescendo shouting bravo, as only Frenchmen can shout. When the cello and violas had finished the theme in A minor, *Bravo!* When the 2nd violins had done, *Bravo!! Bravo!* When the whole orchestra had repeated the theme, *BRAVO!!! Hah! ouh! Hah!!!*—When the Theme in A major, for flutes, clarinets, and bassoons with waving accompaniment for violins, modulated into C major, *Ahh—h! Oh! Bravo!*—and at every Bravo, old Litloff would wave his baton more ferociously. Then came a most beautiful march for strings and flutes, and a solo and chorus from Gluck's "Alceste," given to perfection. The march was interspersed with "Ah's!" and "Oh's!"—Then came Schumann's "Träumerei" from the *Kinder-Scenen*, arranged for muted strings, oboe, and horn, wonderfully played. This sort of thing is very much the fashion here; but I think I like it on the piano better. It was *bisacé*. Then followed a scherzo of Schumann's, which was very pretty and took well. The whole thing wound up with the Hallelujah Chorus—pronounced *Alleluia*, with a decided French "u,"—"Il reignera, etc.,—sung with great spirit and precision however. I am not sure that I don't prefer the chorus without organ, and sung and played as perfectly as it was last night, to our accustomed style. Every vocal and instrumental part stood out distinctly. The tenors especially were splendidly metallic and strong.

FIL.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, DEC. 18, 1869.

Music in Boston.

THIRD SYMPHONY CONCERT. (Music Hall, Thursday Afternoon, Dec. 2). Another stormy day, yet another great crowd! The Orchestra was within a man or two of its full number, and in uncommonly good condition—so far as the strings were concerned. The programme was fulfilled as promised in our last. The three selections of Part I. were new to a Boston audience. It was worth the while to make acquaintance with an Overture of so familiar a name as that to Spontini's "La Vestale." Italian by birth and education, making a great figure in the operatic world of Paris and of Berlin, his music to its native facile fluency added the pomp and splendor of the French stage and something of the solidity and depth of German art. The Overture is very short, with a noble, thoughtful opening, out of which springs a subtle, passionate Allegro, that develops full of interest, but ends after the commonplace Italian (Rossini) pattern with empty reiteration of emphasis. It was played with spirit and precision, opening the feast with zest.

The Concert Aria for Bass voice: "*Mentre ti lascio*," by Mozart, was a good thing for Mr. WHITNEY and for all who heard him. The music is full of turns and phrases so unmistakably Mozart-ish, that you could shut your eyes and fancy Leporello or Don Juan on the stage before you. But it is a noble aria and was nobly sung; there seemed more vitality than usual in the singer's round, rich, heavy tones,—less of a certain hollowiness which has sometimes been the only deduction from the complete satisfaction they

came so near to giving. Intelligent conception, quiet dignity of manner, pure and earnest style, marked the entire performance. Of course the orchestral background placed the song in a mellower and richer light, for it was Mozart's. As surely as his singer stands before the instruments, do fascinating little flowers, side thoughts of melody, spring spontaneously from clarinet, bassoon, &c., anticipating, echoing, illustrating whatever he will sing. Exquisite art it all is, yet not a note seems calculated, or put in with laborious purpose. In the couple of smaller pieces, ballads, in Part II., with Mr. LEONHARD's piano accompaniment, the singer was very happy. The new "Romance" by Robert Franz, (dedicated to an amateur in this city, and published here from the original MS.) is a very simple and complete expression of the sad and bodeful mood of Heine's "*Ein Reiter durch das Berghthal zieht*," which Mr. Whitney sang in English:

A rider through the valley rode,
So sadly calm, so brave:
"Ah! now do I ride to my true love's arms,
Or into the gloomy grave?"
'Twas Echo answer gave:
"The gloomy grave!"
And still he mournfully rides along,
His sighs they do not cease:
"And if I must go to the grave so soon,
Ah well! in the grave is peace!"
And Echo murmurs: "Peace!
The grave is peace."
Then from the cheek of the rider man
A glistening teardrop fell:
"And is there no peace but the grave for me,
Then for me in the grave 'tis well."
And hollow rang the knell:
"The grave is well!"

Franz has given it the genuine ballad tone; it sounds like a Volkslied out of mediæval times, a strain that sang itself before there were composers, and yet it is a gem of Art. It suited Mr. Whitney's deep voice well. To lift the sombre spell, it was well followed, through an easy transition of moods, by Schumann's "Two Grenadiers," ending with that glorious setting of the triumphant "Marseillaise," which rang out with electrifying power and clearness.

The chief orchestral novelty, closing the first part, was Schumann's op. 52, which he has called by its three movements: *Overture, Scherzo and Finale*. He seems to have intended a Symphony, but feeling that he had fallen short of that, to have thrown the fragments into a *Suite*-like form of less pretension. The structure of the "Overture" is entirely symphonic; its themes interesting, though not perhaps so happily contrasted as might be; and you follow the development with interest, charmed by many a detail, retaining of the whole a somewhat faint and vague impression. But the *Scherzo* quickly won all to its fine frolic humor; crisp and delicate, possessed with infinite vivacity, but yielding, in the Trio, to a lovely pensive little theme, which makes a charming contrast. Both this and the overture were nicely rendered, with fine mastery of pianissimo at times. The Finale is exciting by its impetus, its vigorous swift rhythm, rather than by striking musical ideas.

Nothing could come more welcome after Schumann (hardly at his best), than Haydn in his happiest mood, in one of the finest and completest products of his genial brain. The Symphony in B flat (No. 8, of the Breitkopf and Härtel series) in each of its four movements more than confirmed the delightful impression which it made last

year. The sublime *Leonora Overture*, No. 3, makes the noblest sort of conclusion to whatever concert. It suffers nothing from the most brilliant thing that can be put before it; and only great things can come after it without much risk. It was in the main, bating some wind passages, remarkably well played, especially the great crescendo of the violins. Mr. Zerrahn's careful rehearsals of the string quartet begin to tell in the performances.

Of this week's Beethoven concert we shall report next time.—The fifth will come Dec. 30th when the bright pianist, MISS ALIDE TOPP, will play, with orchestra, a Fantaisie by Liszt on the mes from Beethoven's "Ruins of Athens" (Dervish chorus, Turkish march, &c.), and Weber's Polonaise in E, arranged by Liszt. The Symphony will be a new one by Haydn, (in D, No. 5); and there will be three overtures: to *Jessonda*, by Spohr; *Medea*, by Cherubini; and *Ruy Blas*, by Mendelssohn.

LISTEMANN'S QUARTET. (Chickering Hall, Wednesday Afternoon, Dec. 8).—This second concert brought together full twice as many hearers as the first, though by no means so many as such music and such artists should at any time ensure in a community so musical. These were the selections:

Quartet in C major. Op. 76, No. 3. Haydn.
a) Allegro. b) Poco Adagio cantabile. c) Menuetto.
d) Finale.
Songs a) "Er der Herrlicheste." b) "Allnächtlich im Träume." Schumann.
Miss Ryan.

Trio, in B flat, Op. 97. Beethoven.

It was indeed refreshing, after so long, to hear the good old Haydn Quartet, the whole of it, with the "God save Kaiser Franz" theme and its ever delightful variations, and with its most genial and elegant quick movements. Why is it that old music-lovers get round with such joy again to Father Haydn? The rendering of the Quartet was in the main quite happy, each individual of the tuneful party giving clear account of himself, yet all with mutual graceful deference.

The great B-flat Trio had PERABO for interpreter, in the pianoforte part. Firm, clear, energetical enough, though rather cold, in the first Allegro, he warmed to the task in the other well known, glorious movements; and, as he was excellently well seconded in the violin part by LISTEMANN, and the 'cello by HEINDEL, the work was received with the same wonder and delight that it always is and always will be when it is played by artists.

MISS RYAN's selections from the songs of Schumann were among the best, and neither of them too familiar. "*Er, der Herrlicheste von Allen*," that warm and free outpouring of a girl's idolatry towards her hero and her heart's ideal, and the other: "*All night in dreams*," so mystical, and sad, and dreamy, were sung with fervor, and in tones of very rich and sweet contralto quality.

Next Wednesday's concert offers a Quartet by Mozart (No. 10, in D), another by Schumann (in F), and a violin solo (Ole Bull's "Grand Bravour Fantasia," op. 3) by Mr. Listemann.

ERNST PERABO'S FOURTH MATINEE. (Chickering Hall, Friday afternoon, Dec. 10).—A crowd of course, and this the programme:

Overture to "Prometheus," op. 43 [C major]. Beethoven.
[Arranged by E. Pauer.]
Sonata for piano and violoncello, op. 5, No. 2, [G minor]. Beethoven.

a) Adagio sostenuto ed espressivo.
Allegro molto più tosto presto.

b) Rondo Allegro.

Suite III. [D minor.] G. F. Haendel.

a) Prelude. b) Fuga. c) Allemande. d) Courante.

e) Air with variations. f) Presto.

Sonata, op. III. [C minor.] [First time in Boston] Beethoven.
a) Maestoso. Allegro con brio ed appassionata. b) Arietta, Adagio.

The "Prometheus" Overture, an early work, and simpler in its structure than the other overtures of Beethoven, was better fitted for a piano arrangement, and was made clear and effective. It is quite Mozartish much of the time, and almost in the vein of the overture to *Figaro* in the quick theme. In that still earlier work, the fresh and genial Sonata in G minor with violoncello, Mr. Perabo was assisted by Mr. ALEXANDER HEINDL, who grows in favor as a sure, intelligent and tasteful 'cellist. This Sonata was much relished.

The Suite by Handel—not the more familiar one with the "Harmonious Blacksmith" variations—was interesting throughout as a matter of curiosity, though some of its six movements, or *pièces*, appealed to most musical sympathies much more than others. The first three made the best impression, especially the *Prelude* and the piquant *Fugue*, which are full of life and strength. The *Allemande* is one of the best specimens of its kind.

Mr. Perabo's rendering of the last of the Beethoven Sonatas—so difficult, so strange, so full of power, of fire, of deep and delicate imaginings most logical in their development—was perhaps the crowning success of the whole series. After all that has been said about that Sonata,—to the effect that, because some of those later ones were somewhat unintelligible, this one must be more so—it was gratifying to see the entire audience absorbed and carried away by it. But it is full of the true Beethoven genius, one of the works in which he strikes fire at once, and does not let it go out. The startling, Jove-like, angry chords with which it begins, and the impassioned Allegro which gushes from the rock thus smitten, running so long in octaves, but soon leading through rich fields and curious hiding places of rare flowers of harmony, take instant and strong hold on the imagination.

The second part, the Adagio, well styled "*molto semplice cantabile*," for it is a singing Arietta, exceedingly simple, out of a sweet, deep, quiet soul, and yet raising mysterious presentiment of wondrous developments which are to come, and which do come with certainty and power in those remarkable variations, in which inexhaustible invention seems to find play in the mere changing and refining upon rhythmical divisions. Rhythmical outline becomes here as subtly shifting as the play of opaline colors. The divisions are perplexing to the eye to read them in the notes, and many an adventurer who has tried to play them has given up in despair before getting far; yet they are variations in the strictest sense; the theme is never for a moment lost or obscured, though it seems as if new worlds continually opened. The Sonata made its mark. When shall we hear it again?

Mr. Perabo is obliged to postpone the proposed series of Historical concerts; but he will give four additional Matinees, on Fridays as before, beginning Jan. 7. This time, leaving Beethoven (not entirely, we trust), he will take us into other fields—Sonatas of Schubert and of Mozart, selections from Mendelssohn, Schumann, and more recent authors. In the first he will play a *Prelude and Fugue* by Mendelssohn; a transcription by Liszt of Beethoven's *Liederkreis*; a couple of Studies by Bennett; and Schubert's Sonata in D, op. 53.

NEW SONGS.—"A Serenade," "A Spring Song," "A Nocturne": are the titles of three very simple, chaste and beautiful little songs, (with English and German words), by J. MOSENFELDER, of New York. We quite agree with the opinion of our friend who sends them:

"These are three tender and poetic songs, composed after the best manner of the German *Lied* writers, and yet full of original suggestion, not of imitated forms or melodies. They are not difficult; the thought in them is clear and wrought out as well through the accompaniment as in the vocal part, so

that they possess completeness and unity. The composer is a very thorough musician, and his work throughout bears evidence of his wide technical knowledge and skill. The songs are for mezzo soprano voice and within the reach of musicians of average excellence."

ANNA S. WHITTEN—Did any dream, while listening to her pure song in that Symphony Concert of Thanksgiving week, that we should never hear her more? that the slight remnant of a cold, with which the self-renouncing singer seemed to labor, was the beginning of the end so near? The memory of that concert shall be sacred.

A year ago, on her return from European studies, Miss Whitten made her first public appearance in a Harvard Symphony Concert, singing the great scene from *Fidelio*, that inspired song of hope and love's holy triumph. She at once took her position as our first soprano, in church and oratorio and all higher kinds of song. There was a spiritual sweetness in her voice, which had been finely cultivated, and the spirit of the fine-strung, conscientious artist, ever earnest striving earnestly for the beautiful and true, was in her. Her song, while it pleased the taste, went to the heart, and gracious influence went with it. Such was the common feeling with those who heard her; for she sang as she was, a refined, a generous, warm-hearted, pure and noble woman. Again in the Harvard concerts did she sing her last; and this time too it was a lofty, spiritual strain: one of those heavenly sad-sweet melodies in which Mozart, in the fullness of his powers, seemed filled with presentiment of death, and yearning for eternal rest:—Pamina's Aria: "Ah! I feel that it hath vanished," and ending "So wird Ruh' im Tode sein!" She had been less true an artist had she sung with perfect ease and freedom then! That was the 17th of November; on the 4th of December she was called away.

Our musical world could hardly have sustained a greater loss. The union of such voice and culture with such character was something to be cherished. No singer here promised so much of the purest kind of service. To Mr. Parker's Vocal Club she was indispensable; the part of the Peri in Schumann's beautiful Cantata, the soprano airs in the Christmas Oratorios, and in the Passion music of Bach, that is to follow;—these and more such noble tasks awaited her. They must be done without her, but may her memory, her spirit inspire others! Personally she made a beautiful impression upon all who became in any way acquainted with her, by the sweetness, the disinterestedness, the goodness of her life and character. Those who knew her intimately, more than confirm all this. She had no jealous rivals, but was beloved by all her sister artists. And this was manifest in those last sad, beautiful services in Mr. Hale's church, where so many met to pay the last silent tribute, and where the hymns, selected by herself, were sung with fearful trembling voices by her friends, the choir her voice had led.

CHRISTMAS ORATORIOS. The Handel and Haydn Society announce the *Messiah* for the evening of Christmas (Sat. the 25th.) and Costa's *Naamans* for Sunday evening. Miss TROTTOR takes the principal Soprano in both works; Miss PHILLIPS the Contralto; Miss GATES, Soprano in *Naamans*; Mr. WHITNEY, principal Bass in the *Messiah*, and Mr. RUDOLPHSEN in *Naamans*. The Tenors are Mr. W. J. WINCH and Mr. PRESCOTT. The chorus will number 600 voices. Mr. PARKER has taken the place of Organist. Mr. ZERRAHN of course conducts. The Orchestra will be large and the rehearsals have been many and careful.

MISS ALIDA TOPP. The Farewell Concert of this gifted artist on Saturday evening, Jan. 1, at the Music Hall, is pretty much arranged and will be an occasion of great interest. Miss Topp will play a Scherzo by Chopin, a Hungarian Rhapsody by Liszt, something by Schubert and by Raff; Mr. PERABO will play the piano part in the great Septuor of Hummel, Mr. ZERRAHN conducting; Mr. LISTEMANN, Mr. WHITNEY, the Bass, and other artists also lend their aid.

FARMINGTON, CONN. Again our friend Klausner sends us programmes (Nos. 41 and 42) of classical chamber music performed before the pupils of Miss Porter's Young Ladies' School. The newly arrived German lady pianist, Miss ANNA MEHLIG, was the interpreter and these the selections:

December 2.
Prelude and Fugue, in G minor.....J. S. Bach.
a. Impromptu, Op. 142, No. 2, in A flat. }
b. Soirées de Vienne, No. 6, arr. by Liszt }.....Schubert.
Scherzo, Op. 31, in B flat minor.....Chopin.
Traumes-Wirren, } from "Fantasietuecke," op 12
Aufschwung, } R. Schumann.
Sonata, op. 53, in C major.....L. v. Beethoven.
Fantasia on Mendelssohn's "Midsummer Night's Dream." }
Liszt.

December 3.

Prelude and Fugue, in A minor.....J. S. Bach.
Fantasia in C major.....J. Haydn.
Carneval. Scènes mignonnes sur quatre notes, op. 9. }
R. Schumann.
Prélude. Pierrot. Arlequin. Valse noble. Euse- }
bin. Florestan. Coquette. Réplique. Papillons. }
Lettres dantes. Chiarina. Chopin. Estrella. Re- }
connaissance. Pantalon et Colombine. Valse alle- }
mande. Intermezzo (Paganini). Aveu. Promenade. }
Pause. Marche des "Davidsbündler" contre les Phil- }
istines.
Ballade, op. 47, in A flat.....F. Chopin.
a. Love-Song, op. 5, No. 11.....A. Henselt.
b. Spinning-Song, op. 67, No. 3.....F. Mendelssohn.
March from Wagner's "Tannhäuser," transcribed by }
F. Liszt.

An intelligent auditor writes us:

"Miss Mehlig's technique is superb, her style large (I should like to hear her in a Schumann or Beethoven Concerto), but she plays also the delicate *Bluettes* of Chopin very tenderly and gracefully. She is a warm-hearted, enthusiastic player, and yet charmingly unaffected. Her powers, both physical and mental, were fully taxed by the execution of these programmes, unaided. Schumann's *Carnival* especially is a touch-stone by which to recognize the finer mental faculties of a Pianist; for besides the capricious technical difficulties, their kaleidoscopic pictures require a constant strain of mind, to give distinct individuality to the ever-varying character of each single number (or scene) and yet to keep this side of caricature. Miss M. played well whatever she played, and deserves full recognition as an artist and as a modest young girl, zealous to serve the good cause in art."

TROY, N. Y. (Contributed). The Oratorio of *Samson* is to be performed here immediately after the Holidays, with a chorus of 150 voices and full orchestra. The Conductor, Mr. T. J. Gay, is our leading organist and musical instructor, who finds time in the midst of his labors to give tone and direction to the musical talent of the city in this way. Last season he produced *Judas Maccabeus* in a most successful manner.

LOUISVILLE, KY. The Mendelssohn Society, at its sixteenth Rehearsal, Nov. 30, gave the first part of Mendelssohn's *St. Paul*. This formed the second part of the entertainment; the first was miscellaneous, consisting of: Chorus: "Hail to thee, Liberty," by Rossini; Schubert's Serenade for violin, 'cello, piano and organ; a German song with violin obbligato, by Lachner; Violin solo by Viouxtemps; and Sextet from *Lucia di Lammermoor*.

PHILADELPHIA. The Junger Männerchor's concert, given last evening at the Musical Fund Hall, was one of the best musical treats of the season. The Germania Orchestra assisted, and, led by Mr. Hartmann, their playing was much better than it has lately been. The overtures to *Oberon* and *William Tell*, the scherzo from Mendelssohn's *Midsummer Night's Dream*, the lovely "Andante con moto" from Beethoven's 5th Symphony, and an arrangement from *Tannhäuser*, constituted the orchestral part of the concert. All were well played, though Mr. Hartmann is disposed to take the tempo rather too slow. The vocal part of the concert was worthy of the old fame of the Junger Männerchor. Gade's song "Die Quelle in der Wüste," is novel in style and very beautiful. A popular song by Silcher, followed for an encore by the favorite "In einem kühlen Grunde," gave great satisfaction. A remarkable work, music by Schubert to Goethe's poem the "Song of the Water Spirit," showed careful and intelligent study, and delighted every hearer. Franz Liszt's "Reiterlied" is a good example of the new school, excessively difficult, with queer modulations, intervals and phrasing, and therefore a test-piece for a musical society. It was admirably sung. The programme of last evening, with its works by Weber, Wagner, Rossini, Mendelssohn, Beethoven, Gade and Liszt, was an illustration of the excellent eclectic spirit in which the Society is managed. It is rather to the discredit of Philadelphia taste that but few of those who especially plume themselves on musical knowledge and culture were present at this capital and most enjoyable concert. Still the hall was quite well filled, and with people who thoroughly appreciated the treat presented to them.—*Bulletin*, Dec. 4.

On Tuesday night at the Academy of Music, the Handel and Haydn Society gave a concert. Mendelssohn's "Hymn of Praise," together with a selection from "The Forty second Psalm," and a chorus and chorale from the oratorio of "Saint Paul." The solo parts by Miss Maria Brainerd, Miss Nellie Luckinbach, and Mr. Jacob Graf.
The second of Mr. Carl Wolfsohn's matinees (the

Schubert matinée) on Friday had the following programme :

Sonata, A minor, op. 145.....	Schubert.
Carl Wolfsohn.	
Introduction and Elegie.....	Ernst.
Mr. Wenzel Kopta.	
Song, "Der Wanderer".....	Schubert.
Sig. Etore Barilli.	
Impromptu, No. 3, B flat major.....	Schubert.
Carl Wolfsohn.	
Concerto, D minor.....	Eckert.
Mr. Rudolph Hennig.	
Fantasia, C major, op. 159.....	Schubert.
Messrs. Wolfsohn and Kopta.	

LONDON.—The *Athenæum* of Nov. 20, says :

Our oratorio societies are all beginning to bestir themselves. The oldest, the Sacred Harmonic Society, is first in the field. The opening performance of Friday next is advertised to be of 'Israel in Egypt' and it will be followed on the 10th of December by 'Deborah.' The National Choral Society is to begin rehearsals on Wednesday next, and the Oratorio Concerts are to be opened on the 8th of December with Handel's 'Dettingen Te Deum,' and 'Acis and Galatea.'—the latter to be given with Mendelssohn's additional accompaniments.

'The Messiah' is to be given this (Saturday) morning at Exeter Hall, with Mlle. Nilsson and the singers who lately appeared with her in the same oratorio.

The Rasumowski Quartet in E minor, the most important piece in last Monday's Popular Concert, showed Mme. Norman Néruda to still greater advantage than the Mendelssohn Quartet of the preceding week. The Adagio in particular, one of the sublimest tone pictures in music, was led with true dignity. Mme. Néruda will, we fancy, do yet ampler justice to her powers when she has conquered a certain over-anxiety which, *du reste*, is perfectly natural.

Of Mr. Goldschmidt's "Ruth" the same paper reaffirms its first impression (of 1867):

Those of our readers who may be interested to know our opinion of Herr Goldschmidt's oratorio we may refer to the notice (*ante*, No. 2079) written after the first performance of 'Ruth' at the Hereford Festival in August, 1867. Inspection of the now-published pianoforte score (Lamborn Cook & Co.) confirms the impression made by a first hearing. There is much fairly good, musician-like writing, and from first to last not a careless bar is to be detected. But while the recitatives are needlessly tormented, the choruses, even the most elaborate, are uninteresting, one dull subject giving way to another still more commonplace, and the solos are built on graceless and unvoiced themes. It is a thankless office to depreciate the hard work of an earnest musician, but we are bound to add that in 'Ruth' there is no indication of the "sacred fire" which, to our thinking, alone justifies the attempt to write an oratorio. Enough of the work, however, for the moment. Our immediate business is with Wednesday's performance in Exeter Hall, the first since that at Hereford. The cast in both was identical. Mme. Jenny Lind-Goldschmidt has, alas! lost the charm of voice that more than twenty years ago crazed the soberest Englishman. Not more than some three or four notes have survived the touch of time's effacing finger, but in the murmur of her most veiled tones we feel the strange thrill that nothing but genius can communicate. Never surely has so much been made of so little. With diminished breath Mme. Goldschmidt contrives to phrase with a broad dignity beyond the reach of singers of our degenerate age, while the gifted lady's devotional fervor lifts the hearer's mind far above the apprehension of any physical shortcomings. In the final song of thanksgiving, all full as it is of unvoiced phrases, she succeeds in shaking the listener's very soul.

A more flattering opinion of the work is given in Novello's *Musical Times* :

The impression made upon us by the work on a first hearing has been strengthened by a second performance; and although there can be no question that the superabundance of accompanied recitative throughout the composition has a somewhat wearying effect, the excellent and musician-like manner in which the subject is handled, and more especially the refined treatment of the character of Ruth, cannot but be felt and acknowledged by all unprejudiced hearers. The dramatic coloring which Herr Goldschmidt has given to the different scenes into which his work is divided is a point which cannot be too highly praised; and it is especially noticeable that where the action of the Oratorio ceases to take place amongst pastoral surroundings, the character of the music is carefully and thoughtfully in keeping with the altered nature of the narrative. Into the choruses the composer has thrown all his strength; the stirring fugue in "The eyes of the Lord" giving unmistakable proof that he is fully capable of hand-

ling his materials with a master-hand. The opening chorus "Sing unto the Lord," is also an excellent instance of good solid harmony; and the voices are, as a rule, treated with praiseworthy tenderness. Amongst the more placid choral pieces, we may select the choral quartet "Blessed are the pure," and the chorus, "Thou shalt eat the labors of thine hands," both of which are melodious and delicately harmonized. The solos scarcely stand out from the work with sufficient prominence to be used as detached pieces; but they are generally in character with the situations in which they occur. Ruth's solo "Whither thou goest," is an excellent example of impassioned declamation; but few of the airs give much scope for the vocalist to create any individual success.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.—The proprietors of this establishment have paid a compliment to those music lovers who patronize operas out of "the season" by producing some of the very best works during the short Autumn Season, which commenced on the 8th ult. *Don Giovanni*, *Fidelio*, *Les Huguenots*, *Le Nozze di Figaro*, *Robert le Diable*, &c., have been the chief attraction, in spite of the occasional light operas which have been sparingly given, as if to feel the musical pulse of the public with reference to future "popular nights." All these works have been excellently cast; but as there has been little novelty, we have only to chronicle, with extreme pleasure, the undoubted success of the undertaking. Mlle. Tietjens, Ilma di Murska, and Sinico, Signori Mongini, Gardoni, and Mr. Santley have been singing their very best; and Signor Antonucci has proved himself a good and reliable bass in some parts fully sufficient to test his powers. Mlle. Ilma di Murska in assuming the character of Ophelia, in M. Ambroise Thomas's *Hamlet*, has by no means miscalculated her strength. Throughout the opera she sang with exquisite refinement and delicacy; and in the "mad scene" created a genuine effect, notwithstanding that the triumph of her predecessor in the part, Mlle. Nilsson, was fresh in the mind of the audience.

BRESLAU.—Mme. Joachim appeared at the second concert of the Orchestral Union, when the programme included Symphony in C major, Schumann; Air from *Theodora*, Handel; Overture to *Fidelio*, Beethoven; Overture to *Attila*, Mendelssohn; *Secular Cantata*, Marcello; and Songs, Schumann and Brahms. On the 2nd inst, the members of the Singacademie gave a performance of Schumann's *Paradies und die Peri*.

FRANKFORT-ON-THE ODER.—The "Liederkrantz" have announced a performance of Sophocles' *Antigone*, with Mendelssohn's music, for the benefit of the Mozart Fund.

The Vienna Philharmoniker have put forward much novelty for the eight concerts of their winter season. A symphony in E flat, by Herr Bruch; a fifth suite, by Herr Lachner; "Orpheus," a "sinfonische Dichtung," by the Abbé Liszt; and "Ivan IV.," by Herr Rubinstein, are among the new things.

A statue of Handel by Neuhel has just been placed in the Church of St. Nicholas, Hamburg.

The monument to Cherubini was inaugurated in the Church of Santa Croce, in Florence, on the 3d of October.

BRUNSWICK.—The programme of the first concert given by the Association for Concert-Music, comprised Overture to *Euryanthe*, Weber; Recitative and Air from *La Donna del Lago*, Rossini; Suite in Canon Form, Grimm; Songs, Schumann; and the *Sinfonia Eroica*, Beethoven. The principal work at the Concert for the benefit of the Pension Fund of the Ducal Chapel was Spohr's *Weibe der Töne*. Herr Franz Bendel, pianist, performed Weber's Concertstück as well as several smaller pieces.

DRESDEN.—Second Subscription Concert given by the "Board of General Direction": Overture to *Olympia*, Spontini; Concertstück for four French Horns, Hübler; Recitative and Air from *Iphigenia in Tauris*, Gluck (Middle, Bärde Ney); Violin Concerto, E minor, Grünzacher; Recitative and Air from *Titus*, Mozart; and *Sinfonia Eroica*, Beethoven. Third Subscription Concert: Overture to the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, Mendelssohn; Recitative and Air from *Coù fan Tutte*, Mozart; Pianoforte Concerto, A minor, Schumann (Mad. Heinze); Romance from *Zemire and Azor*, Spohr; and Fourth Symphony, B flat major, Beethoven. First "Musical Academy"—as a concert is still sometimes entitled in Germany—given by Herren Heitsch and Fützenhagen: Trio, Op. 70, No. 1, D major, Beethoven; Violin Sonata, Op. 105, A minor, Schumann; and Trio, No. 3, C major, Haydn. It is said that the temporary theatre will be ready by the twelfth of December.

Special Notices.

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